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¶ The maydens dreme

Compyled and made by Chrystofer Goodwyn,
In the yere of our Lorde.
M.CCCCC.xlij.

¶ The Prohemye of the Authour.

BEholde you yonge Ladyes, of hyghe parentage
And you yonge virgyns, of eche degre
Here is a pamphlet, euen mete for your age
Where as in a myrrour, you maye lerne and se,
Howe vyrtuous loue, you shulde eschewe and fle
Hauynge alway shamfastnes, in your maydenly face
Then can you neuer mysse, of vertue and grace.

¶ To loue I counceyll you, neuer enclyne
Except onely, it be for maryage
To the entent, to haue therby lyne
yet in that case, take hede you not rage
For hasty loue cõmonly, ryght soone wyll aswage
And beware that you loue not, before you be wyse
Lest you repent you, more ofter than twyse.

¶ yet dyuers in loue, hath had happy chaunce
I speke by my selfe, and many one mo
That of perfyte chaste loue, haue ben in the daunce
And sped to our myndes, yet for to do so
Thousandes haue mysled, and fynysshed in wo
Therfore I rede you, take good aduysement
Of good abydynge, none can repent.

¶ Called is the name, of this lytell boke
The (Maydens dreme) whiche I hope shalbe
For your erudycions, yf you therin loke
Many a good instruccyon, here shall you se
Howe vertue to ensue, and vyce for to fle
For herein is contayned, both golde and glasse
They that worke well, shall well bryng to passe.

¶ Thus to god, I do you cõmyt
Prayenge you to accept, this my lytell warke
For that it is so rudely done, is but for lacke of wyt
Howe be it euery man, can not be a clarke
Nor euery byrde flye, so hyghe as the larke
Ye wot what I meane, thus fare you well
Happy be they, that folowe good councell.

¶ Thus endeth the Prologue.

¶ The maydens Dreme.

IN the lusty, fresshe moneth of may
When the byrdes reioyse, euery glad speryte
With theyr venerien voyces, i the dawne of the day
Then I whiche had not slept, of the hole nyght
By Morpleus sodaynly, had lost my syght
Whiche i a golden slombre, right soone had me cast
Recheles youth, oft slepyth full fast.

¶ As soone as I in, this slombre was brought
Two persons me semyd, appered in my syght
The one sayd (fayre loue) chaũge you must your tho
For come is the daye, passed is the nyght (ught
Of chyldysshe ygnoraunce, wherfore of ryght
you must nowe lerne, what you are come to
your yeres shall ensygne you, what you shall do.

¶ You are, she sayd, fayre, fresshe, and goodlye
Of all your membres, well proporcyoned
One of the mynyonest, vnder the skye
Amyable, pleasaunt, and well fauored
Wherfore you shulde do, a great mysded
yf to your age, you applye not your reason
For eche thynge ought, to be taken in season.

¶ I neuer knewe, a more goodly mayden
More comely of body, ne fayrer of vysage
In your apparell, so fresshely besene
All correspondent, vnto your swete age
Your whyte quauerig dugges, wold make a mã rage
Of nature and loue, you be the chefe marke.
Good is the workman, that fortunatly doth warke.

¶ Of reason and wysdom, you haue suffycyent
As a mayde, of tender an age
In you there wanteth, none intendement
You are both wyse, be dyscrete and sage
You be also extracte, of noble lynage
Yet all this we maye, as nothynge repute
Onles in due season, be gathered the frute.

¶ Yf I were a man, beleue me for certayne
To be my loue, I wolde you requyre
For of all other, you be the most souerayne
Of bewtye, fauoure, and freshe attyre
There is none lyuynge, but wolde you desyre
Your excellent bewtye, wolde a saynt moue
Ryght happy is he, that hath a fayre loue.

¶ The mayden.

THen with that, made they a pawse
These two semblaunces, that I haue of tolde
The one approched nygher, promotynge her cause
The other was not, fully so bolde
Her mynde yet to vtter, I parceyued she wolde
Thus w me I my slombre, they wonderly wrought
Sowndly they slepe, that taketh no thought.

¶ Thus as I was, slomberynge in my slepe
The swete sygnyfiaũce, of my dreme I gan to deuyse
Also what were these Ladyes, I toke busy kepe
That had with me reasoned, in so straunge wyse
Then theyr apparell, I dyd well aduyse
Wherin were gret letters, which I dyd rede w ease
Alwayes newe thynges, doth meruaylously please.

¶ These letters forthwith, I began for to spell
And let them togyther, with all myne entent
As a mayden that coulde not, rede very well
yet at the last, I knewe what they ment
The names of these ladyes, that were so gent
In them were contryued, wherfore to my mynde
He that well sercheth, shall alwaye well fynde.

¶ The one was named (Amours) a noble dame
Rychely arayed, and it had ben a quene
As a lady of great renowme and fame
Whiche we call loue, so freshely besene
The other was shamfastnes, ꝑ worketh loue moche
To wycked loue contrary, euer she is bent (tene
Symple was her there, and also her rayment.

¶ Loue then began, with me for to reason
So dyd shamfastnes, when she se her tyme
They tolde me many, a goodly sermon
Comynge before me, as straught as a lyne
And gaue me great batayle, eche one in theyr tyme
Assaylynge me with wordes, that perced my harte
Great is the assaulte, where none wyll astarte.

¶ Loue.

¶ Loue spake fyrste, and to me she dyd saye
My fayre mynyon doughter, so tender and yonge
Acustome thy youth, to sporte and to playe
To daunce and to lute, with many a swete songe
To haunte wanton company, to daly amonge
For fro me thou hast not, yet scaped the trase
youth must aquyte her, or she from the passe.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Then answered shamefastnes, in sentence shorte
My fayre doughter, you shall not do so
For euyll is the worlde, beware of reporte
If you so offended, howe shulde you then do
your louers wolde despyse you, and leue you in wo
So shulde you be shamed, in euery towne
Bewtye is nothynge, without good renowne.

¶ Loue.

¶ Shame whiche of feare, is engendryd & spronge
With this her doughter, Shamefastnes
Neuer dyd good, to them that be yonge
(Sayd loue) for youth to deceyue doughteleste
They are euer more redy, to put them in preste
Beleue her not fayre mayde, for all her prate
For age can nothynge, but bable and tate.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Ha my dere dought, howe sore were you to blame
If suche an euyll woman, you dyd byleue
Not worth a festue, were then your good name
For euery creature, then wolde you repreue
Whiche at the laste, full sore shulde you greue
Therfore beware, lose not your bryghyte
A bryghy is a name, of great honour & dygnyte.

¶ Loue.

¶ If you gyue credence, to this dastardly shame
you shall neuer be set by, a putred oynyon
Take nowe your pleasure, lyke a lusty yonge dame
Or euer that youth be, departed and gone
Wherfore chuse, some goodly companyon
With whom you maye take, all your lust & pleasaũce
There is no treasure, without suffycyaunce.

¶ Shamefastnes,

¶ Suche lyght counceyll, so soone to byleue
And after to take therby, some displeasure
With grat payne you shulde, your selfe then releue
Wherfore I wyll tell, that shulde you best please
Suche hasty loue, is not worth a pease
To cast awaye your selfe, euyll were ỹ quayntaunce
For hasty loue, engendreth repentaunce.

¶ Loue.

¶ To suche a yonge damoysell, it doth appertayne
To be fryske, both ioyous, and Jolye
And when in suche poynt, she doth her mayntayne
To counte her amysse, it were a great folye
For she that with youth, can daunce best and dalye
Is counted most noble, be it mayden or wyfe
We haue in this worlde, no more but a lyfe.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Helas, aduyse the, or euer thou smarte
Or els thou shalt be, lyke a marche hare
Lyftynge thy hed vp, euyn lyke a harte
That thorowe the worlde, is chased with care
From suche folye, my doughter, alwaye beware
Be sobre and symple, and kepe the at home
A mayde is not set by, when her sadnes is gone.

¶ Loue.

¶ Ya thou art thy mothers onely darlynge
Therfore thou mayste, loue secretely
In goodnes and honour, care for nothynge
Praysed therfore, thou shalt be hyghly
At Bankettes and playes, be present dayly
At great feastes & tornays, where most people resorte
To moche to be fearefull, doth greatly dyscomforte.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ To be tymorous in youth, as semeth me
Is a sygne, greatly for to be praysed
For feare with youth, alwaye shulde be
For recheles youth is, to be dyspysed
Wherfore drede is a sygne, as I haue deuysed
Of puer and clene chastyte, in mayden and wyfe
Ethe noble harte, ought to drede a shamfull lyfe.

¶ Loue.

¶ Is it then shame, for to be Joyous
And for to please, the people therby
What shulde we be, of other scrypulous
Or for that ensurth, to care for so greatly
Who that in youth, wyll lyue solytary
Prouyth by reason, to haue a weke spyryte
The assaye (at the laste) makyth the warke perfyte

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Other to auayle, thy selfe for to harme
Is no great wysdome, as semeth me
I swere to the, by this ryght arme
If thou to loue assent, thou doest great folye
For thoughe thou, to thousãdes set forth thy beaute
They wyll therfore esteme ỳ, but lyke a beest sauage
Fylthy is the water, out of the ryuage.

¶ Loue.

¶ Thynkest thou it synne, for to beholde
Upon theyr fresshe coulers, these galantes so gaye
Betraped in sylke, syluer, and golde
Whiche with speare & sheld, at the iustes doth assaye
Manfully to wyn, the pryse yf they maye
Whiche won thorowe your loue, they gyue you the
Thus amorus hartes, reioysen alwayes. (prayse

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Thou canst not do, to be more defamed
Then of a louer, to haue the name
For sonest by hym, thou shalt be shamed
That flateryngе in Amours, wyll call the his dame
God kepe the from suche, perpetuall shame
Or to be in suche a hasarde, for to desyre
A grene bough wyll bren, yf it be in the fyre.

¶ Loue.

¶ Reknowlege the goodes, gyuen the by nature
That so largely hath endued ẏ, w̃ vert⁹ manyfolde
And eke ther w̃ hath formed the, so fayre a creature
That it is a great pleasure, the for to beholde
Lease not therfore thy tyme, aduenture and be bolde
Leste thou yelde accompt, at the daye of dome
We ought to take hede, of that shall after come.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ The more goodly that nature, hath the formed
And with the more bewtye, she hath the furnysshed
So moche more w̃ grace, thou shuldest be endoctry-
And with great vertues, for to be garnysshed (ned
For yf thy harte to euyll, then be enployed
For euermore, thou shalt lose thy good name
Well doth they watche, that flyeth fro shame.

¶ Loue.

¶ It were no nede (me thynke) the to warne
If euer loue, had done the dyspleasure
Or to moue the therto, so it were for thy harme
Rede the hystoryes, and thou shalt fynde I am sure
What payne noble parsons, for loue wolde endure
Yea were she neuer so hygh a prynces
To loue or be loued, wolde put her in prees.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Some ladyes I thynke, hath ben conuerted
With dyssolute loue, them selfes to acquaynte
Whiche after ryght sore hath them repented
In makynge many a dolefull complaynte
Better thou were of that to make restraynte
Then forthwith to repent, as it were past and gone
For a thynge that is done, remedye is none.

¶ Loue.

¶ Dyd not kynge Arthurs moste noble wyfe
Vlode poliryene, and also medee
And many mo ladyes, of excellent lyfe
To Amorus loue, gyue all their studie
Whiche hath gyuen them a name of perpetuyte
Nowe of this tell me, who can them reproue
They neuer had Ioye, that neuer dyd loue.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Who that wold serche, their storyes thorow out
Shulde fynde their ende, to be nothynge honorable
For dolorously all they endyd, without dout
As god be vnto me fauorable
Therfore be not to them agreable
Of examples there be, mo then one or two
Lasciuyous loue, doth fynysshe in wo.

¶ Loue.

¶ Narcissus that to loue, wolde neuer assent
Was chaunged by a fountayn, as in Ouid we fynde
By the goddes sharpe, and ryghtfull Iudgement
Be neuer therfore, so hawte nor vnkynde
But loue them agayne, whose harte ȳ hast ī mynde
So shalt thou loue, for loue optayne
Honorable loue, is neuer in vayne.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Sulanne for her chastyte, of god was preserued
Bycause to folysshe loue, she wolde not condyscend
Saued she was, from brynge defoyled
Her honoure to kepe, she dyd euer entend
Hard was her begynnynge, bytterous was the end
Therfore lerne this of me, both mayden and wyfe
To dred to offend god, is a blysfed lyfe.

¶ Loue.

¶ One maye well loue, without byllanye
Or that any dyshonour, therby shulde aryse
For yf that any byllayne, do thynke any folye
God can correct hym, in sondery wyse
In all honoure (my doughter) do not despyse
To loue, as nature doth entend
They that do as they ought, do not offend.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Swete and attrayant, is the enterynge in to loue
It is hony with gall, and myrre confycte
The begynnynge dowse, the end bytter to proue
For it wyll leue the alsoone, as it seeth the discomfyte
In wo and care, wherfore it were great profyte
Neuer therin to enter, for all the kynde femynyne
For in the tayle, lyeth all the venyme.

¶ Loue.

¶ When a secrete man, you do parceyue and fynde
Hym truely to loue, you nede not to drede
So that he be loyall, secrete and kynde
In louynge suche one, you can not yll spede
For eche of you shall haue to your mede
All your pleasure togyther, with great Ioye & solace
One can not loue, in euery place.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ Nothynge there is, so secretely hyd
But it is openly knowen, to all at the last
There was neuer woman, so well assuryd
That to couer her cryme, yet had the cast
But out it must, by some euyll blast
For feare to euery hasard, then must thou enclyne
Loue can departe, when she seeth tyme.

¶ Loue.

¶ Herken (my swete loue) is it not great owtrage
That is thus spoken, by this ypocryte
Helas, what wylt thou do, with thy yonge age
Shalt thou passe it ouer, as in the darke nyght
And thus cowardly, to put loue to flyght
Not payeng the trybute, of thy yonge dares
Warkes be not fynysshed, without the assayes.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ My syster to loue, without flaterynge
Engendreth good loue, withouten fable
But the stroke of the matrasse, aft losed is the stryng
If it flye farre, is not very stable
So cordiall loue, to all agreable
If it be put to farre, at aduenture
With payne can forget, suche is her nature.

¶ Loue.

¶ If nature wolde forget, aboue yet is dame reason
For to withdrawe, and in tyme to correct
To thende that none shulde be deceyued at no season
Therfore thou mayst loue, withouten suspect
Of any creature, for to be detect
If thou rule the by reason I swere by god on hye
For reason doth gouerne, aboue the merry stye.

¶ Shamefanes.

¶ Who trusteth all vpon reason, as semeth me
May theyr good name, aduenture to farre
But who that, his neygbours howse doth se
To be brennynge, in flamyuge fyre
To saue theyr owne, had nede haue desyre
Lest other lykewyse, by theyrs shulde them warme
They are wyse can beware, by an others harme.

¶ Loue.

¶ Eche one may knowe, and it is no fable
That a fayre mayden, that wyll haue no loue
Semyth to be folysshe, nyce, and vnstable
And knoweth no goodnes, ne none wyll proue
Whose eye as a slepe, neuer doth moue
Without facyon, good mayntayne or maner
To haue knowlege, is a great treasure.

¶ Shamefastnes.

¶ To haue sobre knowlege, I counte it not yll
Without couetynge, to be subtyll wyse
From prateynge language, kepe yc ut tonge styll
For that is in a mayden, the mother of all vyce
Be symple in chere, in answere take aduyse
Speke but lytell, onles yt be demaunded
For in moche clatter, many lyes are dyscharged.

¶ Loue.

¶ Yea, let them saye, what they saye wyll
That mayden, hath no maner of goodnes
That alwaye from loue, wyll kepe her selfe styll
None shall her comforte, in her dystres
For euery creature, is loued doughtles
For theyr graces, and good condycyon
A mayden ought not, to be a rebellyou.

¶ Shamefastnes

¶ Haue shame alwayes, before your yes
When you shall be to loue espyred
The worlde shall loue you, in the more goodly wyse
And you shall not therby, of god be despysed
Thus let alwaye your empryse, be wysely conduted
To god I cõmende you, for done is my message
Who good counceyll beleueth, is counted as sage.

¶ The mayden.

THen dyd I thanke, these ladyes both twayne
For the good counceyll, that they dyd me gyue
Promysynge I wolde, do my busy payne
Neuer to offende, whyle that I dyd lyue
With ỳ dame Aurora, of my dreme dyd me depryue
Wherwith all sodaynly from my slepe I abrayde
Pleasaunte dremes, maketh folke well a payde.

¶ When I fully was awake, out of this slombre
I thought oft of that in my slepe I had seen
And many tymes in my mynde, I dyd it remembre
For I wolde therof fayne, perfyte haue been
Thus at the last I had it so grauen
In my harte that I coulde not put it awaye
Dremes often are true, it can be no naye.

¶ Then when I was vp, I went for to fynde
If by aduenture I coulde, get one to wryght
For I had fyxed holy my mynde
My dreme to enpricte, yf that I myght
Thus founde I one, that dyd it gladly endyght
Whole pen to be swyfte, I dyd greatly despre
Longe tarrynge on ryuers, oft is great daungyre.

¶ Thus haue I recited it worde for worde
As in my dreme I dyd it fynde
As well as I coulde in my mynde it recorde
One sence vnwrytten not leuynge behynde
And yf I haue fayled, it was not my mynde
Wherfore accept my good wyll, I hartely you pray
The most expert is not assured alwaye.

¶ And yf therbe cõteyned of neuer so small substaũce
Any thynge herein, worthy of memory
Or that therby any maye take theyr pleasaunce
Let them the gyue credence as they se cause why
Herein yet maye you lerne, howe to auoyde foly
And yf the name hereof you wolde wete
The maydens dreme, called is this pamphlete.

¶ Lenuoy of the Authour.

GO forth lytell boke, and do thy selfe present
Unto my yonge ladyes, & maydẽs of eche astate
Prayenge them with the to be content
And also with me that do the dedycate
Unto them cheyfly, wyschynge them fortunate
And although the metre, deuoyde be of eloquence
Yet is therin to be noted, many a good sentence.

¶ Wherfore good bygyns all, I hartely you pray
For to take in gre, this my lytell payne
Howbeit I knowe well, that no man may
Take in hande a warke, but some wyll it dysdayne
But as for the Jugement, of any suche lyght brayne
I force not, so you therby I not offende
Whom alwaye (god wot) to please I do entende.

¶ The Authours name.

Thus Ioue, myne owne mayſtreſſes all
To (Chryſt) I cõmende you, that ſytteth on hye
Unto whom my prayers, I (Offre) ſhall
That wt hym you may reygne, aboue the ſterry ſkye
So I requyre you all hartely
(Good) birgyns to praye that I maye (wyn)
The eternall Glory, in auoydynge ſyn.

¶ Thus endeth this lytell boke
called the Maydens dreme.

¶ Imprynted by me Robert wyer,
For Richarde Bankes.
¶ Cum priuilegio Regali.